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HAND AND HEART.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

I met her in the woodland way,
A simple maid, untaught of art,
And wooed her through the sunny days,
To give me their her hand and heart.

I held her of my fair bride,
How in high places she should shine
The richest maidens pined and sighed,
If she would add her troth to mine.

"You ask too much," replied the maid;
"I may be, in your modern art,
An empty fashion—a mere toy
This cooping of the hand and heart.

"But I am of another mould,
Fair worth, with me, her scene command,
Where I am known and loved,
I had the best to set my hand.

"I may be foolish, but I hate
That she—society she becomes—
Who gives herself for rank or gold,
Makes but a sacrilegious union.

"If you would win me, you must woo
In other fashion. You must prove
Not that your fortunes, but that you
Are fair and worthy of my love."

So, walking still the woodland ways,
I used no further plea nor art
Than Love's and, after many days,
I won the maiden's hand and heart.

NORWOOD;

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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CHAPTER V.

THE WESTWORTHS.

The night on which Mary Westworth was born was furnished out with all suitable auspices. It was more brilliantly starlighted than night. That was well, to be sure, as the day was brighting and morning was fresh on and in the earth. The dewy air pure on all the ground, and the birds were singing.

But the night was cold, for, though sheltered by a natural amount, and then a moral sympathy, until the found himself called in the supreme egotism of nature was every part of his being.

This fact did not deter him from finding lots of books, nor of society, nor of art and literature. He was growing apparently everything human, and for all the proper works of man—but under and

[THE SHEPHERD CONDITION CALLED HERE.]

behind it, was a strong and silent sympathy and relation with nature. Left to himself, with all his education, Reuben Westworth had a vague impression that he should like to be a farmer, would render him liable to the charge of being a dreamer, but not much to be laughed at.

The uncle, whose purse had carried him through college, was an old bachelor of forty years—grey, lean, and shipper—Ebenezer by name. But Ebenezer was not a Puritan by any means, and as not in summer or at work, threw off the superfluous coat, but did not stop at that, no most folks digress with a portion of their clothing, Ebenezer did not. He went about everywhere as Uncle Eb. He wrote his name Eb. Westworth, and Uncle Eb. he was to the boy fourfold, as if about they would get separated. He was Uncle Eb. to people's faces.

"Puts me their children as if they were garden pegs, he would say, "and I know no more of them a coat, and then another before." But for children go trudging all their lives with their backs bent, and so I'll have no dirt growing among me." All assortment of duties. People use to say that Uncle Eb. was a character, but nothing of the kind. He was a character of the first water, and he was natural taker—talked just as he thought, and did just as he pleased in his time, so less if they did not. Unlike the race of characters, he was everywhere everything human, and of good sense, and of shrewd observation. It was full of whims, too, and full of eccentricities, particularly when any one opposed him. There was no excuse and no absurdity which he would not zealously defend, if some other and liberal man sought logically to corner him. He disputed astutely, refused to admit fine principles, laughed at pretense, and was down contentious, dogmatized and madly asserted, with the neutral and abundant indifference to all consistency—and for which there is no justification—unless it be that of a very lively horse, in a very large pasture, with a very jenny mare trying to catch him.

But this was superficial. At bottom Uncle Eb. was a stern moralist and loyal to the last degree in his conduct to honor and truth.

If you had any theology, or an assumption as to nature, or a logic, you fetched up with pertinacious satisfaction. Under Eb. was the most dangerous of men to encounter with. He was a sore trouble to theologians and a nuisance to theorists. But if you were dying, he was just the man to entrust your estate with. Practical, honest, sharp, disinterested, but pragmatical, he

[HE SHARES IN PLUCKING THE BOSOM WHOLE.]

swiftly would—and he was down. There was the horse stressed, up and down, and the rider, the cattle, the harness, the carriage down, up his work with edifying sobriety and regularity.

"Well, Reuben, you graduate this summer. What next? What are you going to do? You are pretty well studied with that. It will take several years to forget what you ought not to have learned, and to get rid of the evil effects of foolish instruction. But that will come pretty much of itself. College discipline is very much like mowing, and the more a man has of it the less can the salt produce. It is a kind of purifier, and is that the ground yields anything. Men get over it quicker in some kinds of business than in others. The college stokes lingest on admirers and on preachers. Lawyers get over it pretty well in doctors; and none at all to merchants and gentlemen. You can't afford to be a gentleman, and so you must choose among other callings."

"Can't you, Uncle Eb., be a gentleman and say respectable calling?"

"Oh dear, no. My gentleman must take all his time to it, spend his life at it, be jealous of everything else. He is a kind of perfect. He's a sort of chronometer, for other men to keep by. Dear me! Dear me! Dear me! Gentleman! Gentle—Eb would be a superfluity, and a gentleman would be a nuisance. A gentleman! I should have feeling—but should title it. People of such sentiments are not fit for this world. They are for keeping a decently public stool then. He should have knowledge, but not much. He should have one of the best colleges in the world, and should have knowledge ships and crews, and cackles with every other thing. His knowledge should be a little of everything, but nothing clearly on the boughs—rich, ripe and full. A glance of everything, a knowledge of nothing. Alike in his hands come to pass in society and without any of the more common ways results—the vastest range and round of spring work making two holes and one more or less and I tell you, Reuben, a gentleman is a rare species. He is not to be made much to be made, how are made."

"Then I suppose I'm a gentleman, Uncle Eb."

"Tut, tut—so ridiculous, young man! I am gentlemanly. That's another thing. I have worked out of the superficial and I will not stop at any power. Power works easily. I have rented too much land, and I have had many disputes and scrapes. It says, 'I want to, and can.' Free Eb. Westworth, and I'll be a gentleman. But as a doer because he can't get in. No, no, Reuben, you're a fool. You have a good head and must not be used like a carpetbag to hold up a piece of carpet. You must not be used to accomplishes more walls during nothing than you can by fire when it is time for them to be."

"Is not Squire Perkins a gentleman?"

"Not a bit of it. But you're a gentleman. I'm glad to find you. His mother was a sailor's wife, and was a sailor's mother, and was a sailor herself. That dodge Perkins can claim to be a gentleman, and so can the mother of the best of common men who only succeed in getting ready to live when it is time for them to die

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have procured for him constant employment, even had he been poor, and in need of immediate occupation. But as he had a comfortable and abundant occupation in his grounds and books, and in pleasant society, to which he knew strongly inclined him, he found his professional services from the first a great deprivation, and furnished another instance of the willingness of men to sell their lives for what they prize who are likely to starve if not at once bestowed. Such men are rare in any profession.

For several years there was a very pressing and amiable speculation upon the social prospects of this promising physician and many were the benevolence of his fellow-men is to be commended. Well married, a man is happier—ill married, he is shackled.

The gold people of Norwood were enterprising, and very busy. They had little time, aside from their own affairs; and yet, as I said were busy in that source of them spent much time in thinking for Dr. Wentworth, and in cheerfully devising for him an eligible connection. It is to be hoped that they were abundantly gratified, when he found a wife, without their help. Certainly, there was no dilemma that obtained their sympathy; for, when Dr. Wentworth, returning from a fortnight's absence, appeared, on Sunday morning, in his pew, at church, that pew became the centre of the church, and observation the chief and the pulpit!

"Who is this woman that is better than all of us?" looked at least a score of girlish faces—and a larger score of graver matter-faces. "Who is she?" six in different parts of the house, in the most grave and decorous manner, would have whispered each to some neighbor an edifying comment, as follows:

"How old should you take her to be?"

"At least twenty-five."

"Thirty! not a year less."

"I don't think she cares much about dress; do you? She's rather too plain, if anything."

"Perhaps she depends on her manner. Do you notice how she rises, and sits down?"

"Is she a relation to the Rev. Edward Goodwin? Don't she? There is the same severe, and even if merry, I should say, solemn cast to her countenance, and he should have the same, if he had should come just up to his shoulders. I think that would be so cool."

"Can you see her hands? Has she many rings?"

"Do you know if the doctor got anything by her? Of course he hasn't need. He has got property enough of his own. But then, I think, it would be pause in the family if he married a little property. Money is of no use without plenty. But, when a man has great deal of both and money in his pocket, then he can have praise both with God and man."

"I believe she's proud. I've watched her ever since she's come in. And, she don't look once around once. May be she thinks we aint worth looking at."

"Well, for my part, I don't think so. People don't come here to gape and stare, and, if they do, I don't see why they should. We shall know next sacrament-time. If the doctor makes a propitiatory lecture and to sacrament, then you may know she's pious."

The sermon over, and the services ended, the minister, the deacons, and a few of the leading members, were introduced to the new-comer. They hoped for a better acquaintance. They hoped to see her call. They hoped she was pleased with Norwood. How did she like the church? Had she recovered from the fatigue of her journey? Had she ever been in Norwood before? Doctor Trowbridge solemnly hoped she would be induced to leave her present residence. Mrs. Trowbridge, Dr. Deacon Mather returned on a couple of sic.

Well, sure, Dr. Wentworth was in receipt of flowers, and a house next pick a good one when he came to choose."

If the people whispered a few covert opinions in church, it was more than the pew that harvest which waved during the intermission. Except the minister, the doctor was undoubtedly, the most important man in Norwood.

"Look, our father by surprise, and the families thought the doctor needn't gone out of town for a week!"

"Perhaps it's of long standing. The doctor has a good deal of romance. He's still a bachelor, fanny. I know them very well. Came over to the Mayflower!"

"But she! Why, she don't look so old!"

"Here you, looks are deceiving!" Judge Deacon, his whole face looking amused at Mr. Truman's misconception.

Many there were that had a conscience about answering on such theme upon Sunday. Mr. Edwards and his sister walked to a stately and ancient mansion, without a word; and, as he fastidiously latched the gate, Dr. Wentworth and his wife were passing. Of course, they must go to lunch, but not a word passed on the subject. Sunday was a day of sacred comfort and home-enhanced know. Sabbath intrigued in their minds, and their lady hours.

The Miss Marsden, two sensible spinsters, found themselves among several neighbors, all in full religious. Various were the opinions upon the hungry questions; but not a word could the ladies and maids to go to say, good or bad.

"What, do you think, Miss Anna?" said a neighbor to the eldest sister.

"I don't think anything about it."

"But you noticed her, didn't you?"

"No more than I did others. I hope to find her a pleasing person, when I call upon her. Did you not think the sermon unusually instructive to-day?"

The sermon? Oh, yes; I'll read forget about it. What was the text? Isa, Jer, or something the text. My husband is sick, and I shall have to tell him about the sermon. He always wants something about—making our own business, or something—no doctrine—nothing to interest him. Do tell me where the text was."

Miss Rocks, an usual, had gathered about him a knot of young men around the church door, and of those staying during the intermission, and quite a number of girls had been drawn to the spot. What Dr. Wentworth had said in his speeches belonged to the whole town.

"Yes, I heard it, Mr. Rocks, I mean; and I should like to know about her myself. Miss Hiram overheard the whisper in which a Miss of fifteen had said this to her companion, and, assuming a confidant air, he began:

"Why, Martha, I know all about it. I drove the doctor over, you know, and he told me all about it."

"He did? Oh, do tell us!"

"Shall I tell—since you? You see the doctor meant to marry Miss Nixon, till he saw Miss Ferris; and he might have decided between them, but then Miss Grenleaf came to town, and then there was three of 'em! He couldn't make up his mind. The doctor found that he liked them just alike, to a point, and as the law wouldn't let him marry them all on he couldn't take one without hearing two; and that, you see, would have been the same law—not a fair bargain. So he was forced to go to Boston."

"Why what did he go to Boston for?"

"Well, that's a pretty question! Thank the only place to go to! Why, if a man wants anything he goes to Boston. Everything grows there just as natural as if that city was the moon, and everything else was water, and had to go, like the tides. Don't you know all the railroads go to Boston? and salmon say—you ask Tommy Tellus if you start anywhere down down in Florida and keep on along the coast, you will fetch up in Boston. They have to keep things tied up around there. They fasten their trees down, and have their fences blocked, or they would all of 'em whirl into Boston. They are the weathers out every night, or so many things would come to Boston that they'd have to have every night to down like Hermannaum. Of course the doctor is going to Boston. And besides one of the first shop folks was married off the week after he got Haney, but only three was just one left. But she was the very best of the lot. She comes from Charleston, South Carolina, and, I single, 'Come go Charleston.' The dainties and the sweetness of the Southern!"

By this time the boys were wondering, and the girls giggling, and our honest-faced little Miss Hiram was drawing a deeper blush.

"Now, Hiram, I don't believe a word you say."

"Well, if you don't believe me, you just ask the doctor himself."

But a smile was on his face. He looked at his listeners one by one with a quizzical solemnity, for a second, and then, as one who represented pressing duties elsewhere, he walked away in exact imitation of the minister's gait.

Deacon Marble expressed to his wife Polly, his high appreciation of the doctor's wife, as they rode home in their roaring one horse wagon.

"I should be glad to see the old minister looking 'life-like again, as it did when Salem-ville was in the time of Solomon," whistled the trees round. The doctor sees a store on the Mayflower, though, that I know will suit him, I guess, with a new wife."

"Well, I guess nothing, Deacon Marble, as if the doctor hadn't lived three years, and had a housekeeper, and a nurse, and a master and better pew won't find if you search the whole State. Nobody that has her pure just to be in her stir round. I'm one that don't thieve there'll be a new housekeeper in the new mansion than Annie Bissell. There wasn't a thing about her that wasn't worthy and all in the morning, and there wasn't one house kept in order. Why, I've seen Annie Bissell a floor quite as neat as her parlor, and that's saying a great deal, I kinder pity the girl—it has a hard time in Norwood."

Even Polly was liable to temptation, and her husband knew it. Her pretty eyes and her compliments had brought a smile to it. But she was a thoughtful woman, and her smiles and her smiles stopped off easily, and left the same amiable expression behind.

"There's no wastin' where Agnes Bissell is. She's the best hand at a bit of a thing that ever stitched." She's had a hard time of it, too. The doctor's mother died when she was born, and her got his study to-rights. You know she's a motherless child, and her father was left with a house, and full of books and stuff, and pictures, and curiosities, and a few of the best pieces of furniture, and the table full of rubbish, and chairs full of rubbish, and the sofa full of rubbish, and the bureau. It was awful.

"Well, Polly," she says to me, 'how I long to get in there. The doctor 'll have much time to himself.'

"I compliment her."

"I've heard those sayings of it. I learnt what you said about flowers. So did she. Such kind of a thing is natural to her. It stinks like a rose and makes folks think you like 'em more'n you do. I'm sure you're glad the doctor has got a wife become in a deacon."

Deacon Marble put his horse a cut with his whip, and, being spirited, the animal suddenly increased his pace. This seemed to please the wife's head out. If the mischievous man thought that he was to be left behind, Polly was likely from this point to become personal, and disagreeable.

How they ever made a deacon out of Jerry Marble, was a question with all who knew the deacon's heart that ever bubbled and ran over. Jerry was a humorist, and a humorist of the most irrepressible sort. Nothing was too sacred, but other hallowed day's talk, he sprang up the moment he had to do with work, or if he merely stood spring. A few hours' sleep sufficed him. He was a man of action, and of quick action. His weakness face was timber color, but forever changing with his mood. It stinks like a congruity between itself and his eyes, that twinkled and blinked, and rolled with the inward good nature. He always seemed afflicted when he was not laughing, and he was constantly in laugh in meeting on several occasions, although he was a deacon. He would sometimes cough or cough, as if that was the matter, yet nobody knew that he was the matter, yet nobody knew that he was in a hot summer day. Deacon Trowbridge, a sober and fat man, of dignified appearance, according to Jerry, was badly cure into that spiritual condition called "the blues," and was constantly in them. Jerry struggled against the temptation with the whole force of nature. He had seen the effect of the heads of fennel in vain, and a piece of orange peel. He had endeavored to catch the eyes of his queen on the minister with intense firmness, only to meet them gradually and suddenly with a smiler. If he held his head up firmly, it would fall down upon his chest, as if it were paralyzed. If he leaned it a little forward, it would drop down upon his shoulder, as if it were broken. If he leaned it a little backward, it would suddenly raise into that spiritual condition called "the blues," and he would not laugh, with his eyes open, for a month, unless he was asleep. He

"UNDER THE BOUGHS OF THE BUDDING TREES."

BY ANNIE HAYES.

I.

Under the boughs of the budding trees,
When wild-flower odors rose sweet on the breeze,
My dead love whispered his vows to me;
My life was attuned to each beautiful thing,
My love was budding just like the Spring,
And I heard the waves of the Summer sea.

Nobler, grander he looked, as he stood,
Than the loftiest monarch of that old wood;
And tenderer still than the woodland vine
I wreathed his form as he breathed to me
His love, as a Dryad might breathe from a tree,
While his strong, brown hand just trembled in mine.

The rivulet murmured the meadow along,
And kissed the sea with a mystic song;
But our lives flowed on with a happier wave.
Blithe as the birds in the branches above,
He spoke of the budding of earthly love,
That blooms to fulness beyond the grave!

II.

Under the boughs of the budding trees,
I move alone in the flower-fed breeze,
But the dream of his love still murmurs to me;
And Time, in that dream, ever stays his wing;
And my love is renewed with the budding of Spring;
And I hear the waves of the Summer sea.

Nobler, grander he seems than when
He stood, the king of this forested glen,
And tenderer, stronger than wildwood vine,
I cling to his image, and feel from above
The breath of his heavenly, infinite love,
And the thrill of his radiant hand in mine.

For, though songless my life, like the rivulet, slept
The long winter through, it still noiselessly crept
To the glad sunny sea with a soft-flowing wave;
And earthly love is a perpetual Spring,
That ever grows on to the blossoming
Of the Summer-fulness beyond the grave!

A WOMAN SCORNED.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"Oh, dear me! How very shocking!" exclaimed Getty Raynor. "I never thought it would have come to this!"

"I did; they should have put her in a madhouse a year ago!" said Mableton Frankfort, sternly.

"O, Mab! You are so severe!" said Getty, gently.

Miss Frankfort made no reply.

"Poor Linda Wharton!" said a third speaker, in a tone of tender pity; "how beautiful she was!"

It was then that I started violently, and let fall a pretty little statuette I had been admiring, unconscious that it was shivered to pieces at my feet.

"O, Mr. Loring!" exclaimed the three girls, in three different tones, expressive of their degrees of anger at my stupidity.

"I am the most awkward man in the world," I said, "only pray forgive me, Miss Getty; I know where to find the very copy of the statuette, and you shall have it within the hour."

"Mr. Loring—not for the world!" she exclaimed.

"You must not refuse me;" and hastily bowing to the three girls, I caught up my hat and rushed into the street. I was thankful to get into the air, for I felt choking, and could hardly support my own weight for some moments, as I tottered feebly along the street, unconsciously taking the way toward the store where I knew I should find the statuette I had promised to Getty Raynor.

The above scraps of conversation had taken place in the pretty little drawing-room of Miss Raynor, where I had called to inquire for her health after a fall at a ball at my sister's the previous night. The three young girls had been engaged in discussing a very horrible event, and I had partly closed my ears to their chatter, while I handled and admired the various pretty little articles on the mantels and tables; but occasionally I heard a remark, till at last I was stunned and horrified to learn that the subject of all their conversation was the woman I had hopelessly adored. Linda Wharton was my first and only love; and I knew and understood her painful story as none other could, and I trembled and was aghast at its woeful conclusion as none other could be, for who had loved her with such a love as mine, which, alas, she could not return, except with a warm, sisterly affection.

One night I met Linda at a small, informal party, given at the house of a mutual friend; I knew that she was there, and went solely for the pleasure of seeing her and exchanging a few words with her. I had cause to wish that I had not seen Linda that night, and I felt for the first time the burning and corroding poison of jealousy. An old friend of my own, lately returned from a several years' residence abroad, was present; and the most indifferent spectator could not but notice that Edmund Farley had produced a strong impression on Linda's sensitive imagination. I felt with cruel certainty that she would love him,—nay, that she did already love him with all her heart's first pure passion. Others laughingly shrugged their shoulders, and looking at the two, declared it to be "quite a flirtation." I did not dare to hope that it was only a flirtation; my heart told me truly to prepare for the worst. Farley was not only a very handsome man, but he was an absolute master of the thousand fascinations that ensnare the fancy, and win the hearts of women. His manner, his attention, the softest glance of his eye and expression of his face could not fail to flatter and please any young girl. It would be absurd to say that she neglected me, because her treatment of me has never been such as to justify that expression; but it seemed to my jealous heart that she just simply ignored my existence. I uttered no complaint against her, not even in thought; but I felt that I hated him with a bitter hate that would endure forever. Revenge had nothing at all to do with the feeling; his existence was gall and wormwood to my very soul, and I wished that oceans might divide us forever. That night she allowed me the old-time privilege of putting on her cloak and conducting her to the carriage; but it was for the last time. On all future occasions when I met her at any ball or other merry-making, I had the satisfaction of beholding Farley place the ermine cloak about her fair shoulders, or draw the dainty little hood of lace and swansdown over her lovely little heart. Her hand was ever placed on his arm, and his arm ever led her to the waiting carriage. Affairs progressed in this way for many weeks, and although she had not confided even to me the secret of her betrothal, the world spoke of the engagement of Miss Wharton and Mr. Farley as a settled matter. It would, therefore, be in vain to attempt to describe the utter consternation both of myself and this self-same world, when we read about three months after the first acquaintance of Linda with Farley, the following advertisement in the Daily *Times*:

FARLEY—MORELAND.—Married, at ten o'clock yesterday morning, at the residence of the bride, Mariana, only daughter of the well-known banker, Josiah Moreland, Esq., to Edmund Farley, Esq.;—all of this city.

I thought either that I was dreaming, or had gone mad. I read the paragraph again and again before I could thoroughly realize it; and even then I could not believe in its truth. There must be some mistake. However, I went out, and after several inquiries, I found that it was strictly true—no possibility of mistake. Then I turned my steps toward the abode of my poor little Linda. What had happened? I asked myself a thousand times on my way thither. It was impossible that they could have quarrelled, because I had seen them together only two evenings before, and to all appearances they were on the most lover-like terms. The more I thought on the subject the more hopelessly bewildered I became. When at last I stood on the front doorstep with the bell-pull in my hand, I had very grave doubts whether I should ring it or not; but I thought of Linda,—of how heart-broken she must be, and I pulled the bell violently.

"Miss Wharton has not seen any one, since yesterday morning," the girl said, "and she had orders to deny her to all visitors."

"I think she will see me, Nelly," I said; and as the girl knew and favored my attachment to her young mistress, she undertook to procure me an interview. Linda came into the room almost immediately; she looked like the very ghost of her former self, and as she approached me with two trembling little hands outstretched, she almost fainted in my arms. I carried her to the sofa, and piled up its downy cushions about her, for she had not strength to sit up.

"O, Charlie!" she gasped, between choking sobs, "it has killed me—it has killed me! What does it all mean?"

"Mean?—falsehood and treachery! What else should it mean?" she said bitterly; and unable to restrain her tears, she wept passionately.

"Tell me everything, Linda," I continued. "Were not you engaged to this man?"

"We were not formally engaged—that is, he never said to me in these words, 'Be my wife, Linda Wharton; and name the day when you will marry me.' But he has told me a thousand times that he loved me—that he never had, and never could love any other but me; and he knew, oh, so well! that I adored him—that I worshipped him! By every law of honor, he was bound to me forever!"

"Was there any quarrel between you, Linda?"

"No—nothing of the kind. On the evening when you saw us last together, he accompanied me home, and his last words to me were, 'Good-bye, my only love!'"

"What a precious villain he must be!" I exclaimed, indignantly, thunderstruck by such brazen, impudent hypocrisy.

"O, no, Charlie," she said, with a shudder, "You must not speak hardly of him. I cannot bear it yet."

"Harshly—my poor, dear child! There are no words to speak of him as he deserves. O, that I had the judging and punishing of him in my hands!"

"Hush! hush!" she said plaintively; and seeing that I only pained her, I said no more, although I could hardly subdue my feelings of contempt and rage sufficiently to keep silence.

She became very quiet, then; only a low sob or moan occasionally broke from her pallid lips; and finding that I was utterly powerless to aid or comfort her, I took my leave.

"Thank you, dear Charlie," she said, resting her tremulous hand in mine. "It was kind of you to come, and it has done me good. I know how weak it is in me to have given way in this manner; but I will overcome it in time; my rival shall not triumph in my broken-hearted misery; and I will not wear the willow even for Edmund Farley."

This last she said with a wan and ghastly smile; but I tried to encourage the good intention as much as possible. I nodded gaily, raised her hand to my lips, and then went away. I visited Linda every day, and sometimes I remained hours with her. I did and said everything I could think of to rouse and stimulate her pride. She was not of the haughty or high-spirited order of women, but deeply sensitive, and it wounded her keenly to think of the remarks which might be made concerning her useless love for the false and treacherous man who had evidently amused himself by playing with the heart of a young and credulous girl. Of course outsiders could not know the true state of affairs; it was so generally believed that Linda had been engaged to Farley that people were forced to conjecture that the engagement had been broken for some unknown reason. Linda forced herself to go into society again. The pale waxen cheeks were sometimes tinted with delicate pink rouge, and a painful excitement imparted a fitful, unnatural brightness to the large soft eyes. She bore herself well and proudly; but the severest test she was to go through had not yet been passed. She had never met Edmund Farley since his marriage. I was most anxious for her sake, and for my own as well, to have it over; because I was so deeply interested that this first meeting should be well over. But neither of us knew or could guess when it might take place.

One night a favorite tragedian was advertised to give a performance of *Hamlet*; and Linda requested me to take her to see him; and that night I sat beside her in the orchestra stalls at the ——— theatre. To my consternation and horror, before the close of the first act I found that we occupied the chairs directly next to Farley and his bride, who, in order to advertise her newly wedded dignity, was dressed almost entirely in white. I sat between Linda and Farley, and refusing to recognize him, I placed myself in such a manner as to conceal his presence from Linda. I think I would have been successful, but that he had determined to see her and have her see him. Linda, too, was restless and fidgety, and did not seem by any means so pre-occupied in the performance as she had promised to be; all went well, however, until toward the close of the third act, when I noticed Linda start violently, lean forward and fix her eyes on Mrs. Farley; she looked right straight past him without seeing him. She appeared to be intent upon taking an inventory of the bride's personal appearance; and as the object of her attention was a bold, not handsome, overdressed vulgar woman, in a perfect blaze of diamonds and other jewels, I saw her delicate lip curl with contempt and scorn, for she read the sole cause of his falsehood in that one glance. Miss Mariana Moreland had been the wealthiest heiress in New York city. I gave a start, as though I had received a wild electric shock, when Linda, withdrawing her gaze from Mrs. Farley, fixed it upon her husband. A cold chill of apprehension told me that something terrible was about to take place. I placed my hand warningly on Linda's arm, but she never heeded me. I turned my attention to Farley. He met her glance with a low, mocking bow, a slight smile played about his handsome mouth,—it seemed to speak of scorn, pity, contempt, anything—everything! Linda uttered a broken exclamation of rage; she started to her feet, and I strove in vain to calm her violent agitation; but before I could form the wildest suspicion of her intention she stooped slightly, leaned across me, and struck Farley with her ungloved, open hand across the face!

It was at the very moment when Hamlet cries:

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while others sleep;
Thus runs the world away."

All the world knows that it is a favorite speech, and one which the audience is most intent on hearing to the utmost advantage; accordingly the whole gallery set up a shower of hisses in return for the confusion caused by Linda's mad, intemperate act. I hurried her from the theatre; Farley rose, bowing profoundly, to allow us to pass. I actually believe he enjoyed the abominable publicity of the whole transaction. A policeman stopped us at the door, and insisted on an explanation of the disturbance before he would allow us to pass; but what I said to him I never could remember. It proved sufficient, however, and I carried Linda, who was now almost in a fainting condition, to the carriage.

"O, God!" she exclaimed, for the first time breaking the dreadful silence, "let me never again behold the light of day! I have published my disgrace and humiliation to the world,—let me die! let me die!"

I essayed everything that was possible to console and cheer her; but she never answered a word. In silence I carried her into the house, and I would give no explanation of her trouble, but in the morning it was public enough.

Every newspaper in the city related the circumstance in detail. It was many weeks before I again saw Linda. The publicity of the unfortunate passion and the length to which it had led her, was rapidly killing her. She seldom spoke to me on the few occasions when she permitted me to see her; and I perceived that both her physical and mental health was being rapidly undermined. Her father took her abroad, but brought her back at the end of six months, and then I learned from the broken-hearted old man that she was hopelessly insane, and had repeatedly attempted to destroy herself. It became necessary to keep a constant watch upon her; but, as I had learned from the conversation among the ladies in Getty Raynor's drawing room, she had at last eluded the vigilance of her keeper, and had succeeded in committing suicide.

It was a melancholy and, to me, a terrible conclusion to her sad story. I had never ceased to love her; and I know full well that I will never love but her. Even her dear memory is more to me than all the rest of the women on earth could ever be.

I proceeded very sadly toward the down-town store I have referred to; and after purchasing the statuette and leaving orders that it should be at once delivered to Miss Raynor, I went straight to a florist's and bought all the violets and white camelias in the place. With my own hands I strewed them on my dead love, and placed them between her pale, waxen fingers. She was beautiful even in death; and I thought with tears of sad regret, as I kissed her fair, cold forehead—which I had never kissed in life—of the cruel, inexplicable fate which had ordained that she should die for the sake of a heartless fiend who had despised her love and scorned the offering of it, while I, her true, honest, admiring lover, wept alone the wreck of her youth and loveliness.

THE WAYSIDE TAVERN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

No matter what it was that called me suddenly to make a long journey westward of the Alleghanies. Enough for my reader that I found such a journey necessary, and set out upon it with that desire to accomplish it in an economical manner, which can only arise from the consciousness of a slender purse.

I was a young man, not more than one-and-twenty, and had, until that time, known little of any life beyond that of the little village where I was born and bred—save and except that which could be gathered from books. Perhaps this gave me rather a romantic idea of human nature generally, and a trust and confidence in strangers which, in some cases, I found reason to regret; but, nevertheless, I kept upon my way, meeting with no mishaps, until I found myself, at the end of an August day, travelling, on foot, along a dusty road, anxiously looking out for some place where I might spend the night.

I was weary and more than ready for my supper, and it was with joy that I espied the swinging sign of a shabby tavern and found on inquiry that entertainment was there provided for man and beast.

I had nothing with me, in the way of luggage, but my knapsack, and consequently my cares were for myself alone. I ordered a hasty meal, tossed my stick and knapsack into the corner of the room, and brushing the dust from my clothes, looked around me for the first time.

I saw little that was pleasing in that survey. It was a large, empty room, with a rough bar in the corner, a few shelves adorned with bottles and lemons; a chair or two; three little tables, on one of which was a pack of cards, and no other furniture whatever.

The landlord was an elderly man, with a face which bore tokens of having been shaved some weeks before, and had a surly look which was by no means attractive; and his wife, at the moment cooking my dinner, had, as I thought, a strange expression upon her countenance—a worn, terrified look, as though she were constantly afraid of something.

"It is the sort of place to make any one dream of those inns where they murder travellers for the sake of their possessions," I thought to myself, and a dread crept over me which, although I knew it to be absurd, I found it impossible to shake off. Even the every-day act of eating did not banish the gloom which had stolen over me; and, having finished my meal, I stepped out upon the long, low porch and sat down there, hoping that the fresh air and the glowing sunset might, in a measure, dissipate my singular emotions.

But I found them, on the contrary, increase in an unaccountable degree—the more so when the lean, wretched-looking woman of the house, came out and took her place at my side, as though she had something to say to me.

Twice she seemed about to speak, but closed her lips again as the man sauntered toward the door; and, at last, I broke the silence with the common-place remark that it was a fine evening.

"Think so, stranger," was all the answer I received.

But, after a while, she drew nearer to me and said, in a low whisper:

"You don't know nothin' about these parts, do you?"

"No," I said. "This is my first visit to the West."

She gave a kind of sigh.

"You get out of 'em as quick as you can then," she said. "I've seen a-many come here, young and rosy as you, and go—Lord, that's my old man! I daresn't say no more—only don't stay here longer'n you can help!"

And she glided away from me in a terrified manner, leaving me in an exceedingly uncomfortable state of mind. My adventure was growing more and more like the old traveller's story of the inn where strangers are murdered by an inhuman landlord almost always. I remembered the miserable-looking woman of the house tried to give a warning to the victim. For a moment I cast my eye over the homeless landscape with a vague intention of travelling on that night; but I was very weary and certainly my possessions could be no temptation to crime. Besides, this must be all an absurd fancy, born of my remembrance of wild tales read in boyhood, and these could be only poor, honest people, who were more likely to do a kindness to a stranger than to injure him.

Accordingly, finding myself weary, I walked in and requested to be shown to my room. The landlord nodded, and turned to light a candle, and in that moment the woman found time to whisper in my ear:

"Don't leave your window open!"

It was a strange warning for an August night. It made my blood run cold for a moment. Yet I consoled myself by the thought that, in all probability, the poor creature's mind was impaired, and that such a fact would account for her singular conduct.

But while I was awaiting the movements of my host, the door opened, and two stalwart, ill-favored fellows marched in. They nodded to the landlord and, walking up to the bar, called for drink.

In all my life, I thought I had never seen such unprepossessing countenances; and they looked at me, I fancied, in a peculiar way as though they were examining my garments minutely—to see whether they were worth any risk in obtaining them, I thought, with an unpleasant shiver, for these fancies would obtrude themselves, do what I would.

I picked up my knapsack and followed my landlord in a moment more, and soon found myself in a large uncarpeted room, with an immense feather bed perched upon a tall, old fashioned bedstead; a ricketty table with a cracked ewer and basin upon it, and one chair completing the furniture.

The window—I looked at that the moment I was left alone—opened on a long low shed, up which any one could easily climb who desired to obtain entrance, and stood, at the moment, wide open.

I closed it at once, and seeing a jagged nail upon the floor, I contrived to fasten it so that any one without would, at least, have some trouble in opening it, and having bolted the door, was about to retire, when I heard a low murmur of voices in the room below, and bethought myself that through the crevices in the floor I might, perhaps, hear some portion of their conversation, and ascertain what manner of people I had actually fallen amongst.

Accordingly I knelt down, and applying my ear to an aperture in the uneven board, found that I could actually catch most of the words that were uttered. The first startled me.

"You've got your knife, I hope."

The answer was: "What the deuce do you think of my brains? This sort of a thing would be worth a good deal without a knife, wouldn't it?"

"What's the hour?" asked the other.

"Half-past eleven," said the first voice.

The two young men were speaking I knew. "People are abed by that time, mostly. We don't want to be interrupted."

And then their voices sank into a lower tone, and I heard no more. But now I felt certain that my life was in danger, and that the old woman had attempted to warn me, out of pity, probably, for my youth.

Having come to this conclusion, I sat down to deliberate as to my best course of action. I was young and slender, and no match for the hardy ruffians below. Escape would be better than resistance if I could contrive to elude the vigilance of my enemies. But that was all but impossible. The shed was in sight of the bar-room window, and the stairs descended directly into the room.

Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I would open the window and conceal myself beneath the feather bed. My enemies would, doubtless, fancy that I had escaped, and so pursuing me or abandoning their project would give me time to elude them. Besides, when daylight came I need no longer fear anything; for there would be travellers upon the road, and the miscreants would not dare to offer me an injury.

Obedient to my new idea, I immediately tucked myself and my knapsack between the immense straw and feather beds, and lay there, with my head out, listening. The hours dragged on slowly. The suffering I endured under that heavy weight on that hot August night can never be forgotten. And when eleven o'clock struck I was half-mad with heat, suffocation, and sundry nipping bites from some mysterious insects whose home was in the feathers.

But suffocation is nothing to being murdered in cold blood; and when, half an hour later, I heard a sudden stir and movement below, I congratulated myself on my position most heartily.

It was not a dignified one; but I was young and slight, and there were three stalwart men against me, and no observers.

Soon I became confident that there were others concerned besides those I had seen already. Knocks came at the door below, voices and steps were heard, and soon I became aware that there was a general stir and departure. I awaited a raid upon my apartment with a beating heart; but, to my great relief, I soon heard the little band of men moving away from the door, and, gaining courage, arose and peeped from my window. About ten men, each with a bag upon his shoulder, were hurrying away from the house. Amongst them I recognized in the moonlight the landlord and the two younger persons who had entered the bar-room during my presence there. They were evidently ruffians, but I was not the object of their evil designs—perhaps because I was not rich enough to be worth the trouble—perhaps because the woman had interceded for me.

Nevertheless, as they might return repentant of their mercy, I went back to my position between the beds and there remained until dawn—sometimes dozing, sometimes starting awake, always suffering immense discomfort; for, besides the weight and heat of the bed, I wore my cloth garments and my boots.

At last in the early morning I heard a rap at my door, and the woman's voice called:

"Breakfast, stranger!"

And feeling that she intended to give me a hint that all was safe, I sprang from my uncomfortable quarters, and essayed to brush the feathers from my hair and clothes, and to wash away all traces of the agitation I had felt from my countenance.

As soon as I had done my best in these particulars I descended to the room below, and found a breakfast ready, and only the hostess present.

In the corner were several large water melons which, I was sure, had not been there on the previous night. My landlady, whom I regarded as my preserver, saw me glance towards them, and, as she poured my coffee, spoke:

"They're fine uns, aint they, stranger?" she said. "The boys all met here last night for a water million stealin'. It's considered a nice frolic in these parts, and they left us them. I'll cut one fur yo. They're refreshing, though they're too cold for my stomach now. I used to eat 'em when I was a gal. But livin' here has done fur me. You *did* shet your window, I hope, stranger?"

"Yes," I said, feeling that if she knew all that I had done I could not bear the inquiring glance she bent upon me. "Yes; why did you tell me to do so?"

"Because, I felt pity fur you," said the woman. "My old man has bought here, and don't like the place run down. But fever and ague is powerful bad hereabouts, and night air is almost sure to give it to yo. I shake the heft of the time. But the old man says I ruin the custom by tellin' folks so. Don't speak of it to him?"

I did not. I did not stay to speak to any one under that roof. I paid my reckoning, thanked my hostess, and hurried away, feeling terribly ashamed of myself, since my horde of ruffians had melted into a band of young countrymen bent on a melon-stealing frolic, and I had discovered that fever and ague was the only danger which threatened the traveller beneath those damp but honest walls.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* says that the gray-haired old man at work on the Fulton street crossing-bridge was not a boy—he was a journeyman, just out of his time when the bridge commenced; and that the lad who saw the ground broken on Fulton street bridge, and who recklessly declared that he would be the first to pass over the completed structure, removed to Russian America soon after its cession to the United States, where he now resides, a respected citizen and one of the oldest inhabitants, "except Indians not taxed."

AFTER the battle of New Orleans, a tavern-keeper of that city complained to General Jackson, who happened to stop in his bar-room, that some of his officers had threatened to cut his throat from ear to ear unless he gave them credit for all the liquor they might want. "If they cut your throat, I'll have the rascals hanged in ten hours afterwards," said the General. "I'd rather you'd have it done *ten minutes before*," said Boniface; whereupon the General "smiled."

ROBERT FULTON, who was reduced to severe straits before he was able to realize anything from his great invention—the steamboat,—was assailed in his day of prosperity by a man who, twitting him of his former poverty, exclaimed: "I knew you a dozen years ago, when you had hardly a rag to your back." "You are mistaken, sir," calmly replied Fulton; "a dozen years ago, *I had nothing but rags to my back!*"

THE wife of an eccentric Western judge complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her. "I wish," said she, "that I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company." "Yes, my dear," replied the judge, "I wish you were a book—but an almanack, I mean—for then I should change you every year."

A FAITHFUL LOVER.—"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after that saleratus?" "No, I haint." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her. You know I am engaged to Deb."

JACKSON SCHULTZ, the President of our New York Board of Health, on hearing it announced that the chances were that there would be no small-pox in the city during the present season, remarked that, in that case, the city is not to be *pitted* so much as is generally thought.

A POOR man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked word, he'd beat her brains out. "Why then, *ram's-horns*, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it!"

A LAZY BARBER.

Strap loiters, drones and scrapes away,
So sleepy, dull and slow,
That while he's shaving one away,
Another beard may grow.

THE clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!"

A SMALL boy said to a man who was expressing his surprise that a baker's horse did not start at the explosion of crackers around him on the Fourth, "Why, sir, that horse has carried *crackers* this forty years."

A GENTLEMAN who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for his private study, showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser!"

A NOTORIOUS male flirt at last married. "Now, my dear," said his wife, "I hope you'll quit your trifling and foolish ways." "Madam," said he, "my marriage shall be my last folly."

AN irritable gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the *ice-house*, and *warm* his jacket.

SCIENCE does more for the brute than the man. Pigs attacked by the most fatal disorders are frequently cured after death.

IT was formerly said there was "a skeleton in every house;" now, their name is Legion in every clothes-closet!

WHY is a generous man apt to be a good Christian? Because he is for-giving.

WHAT is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG lady of Fishkill being engaged to be married to a young man, her father placed her in a lunatic asylum, to break up the match. The officers of the asylum, finding she was not insane, let her go home. She was to take charge of a school in a few days, but hearing of the marriage of the gentleman to whom she was engaged, she deliberately shot herself.

EIGHT persons, all members of one family, were poisoned recently in Springfield, by eating strawberry short cake. An investigation revealed a dozen small enameled cards, which had carelessly been left in the bottom of the can of strawberries when it was filled and sealed, the arsenic and sugar-of-lead in the enamel causing all the trouble.

IT has been ascertained that the barn of a farmer of Underhill, Vermont, in which eighteen head of cattle were burned several days since, was set on fire by a half-witted grandson of the farmer, a boy of about fourteen, who wanted to punish the house cat for sucking hen's eggs, and so covered her up in the hay-mow and set fire to it.

IN Singapore, the "man-eating" tigers are so numerous, that natives are said to be carried off at the rate of a man a day, and so used have they become to such accidents that when a Chinese Coolie sees a tiger trotting after him, with an evident view to dining, he quietly sits down and resigns himself to his fate.

IT would seem from the number of burglaries committed in villages along railroads in the interior, that parties of our professional metropolitan burglars have already set out on their Spring circuits. The rural police must look sharp for them, and our country friends must look to their door and window fastenings.

A MOTHERLESS little girl, seven years of age, whose father is in California, and who was living with a clergyman's family in Stonington, being missed at dinner on Wednesday of last week, was looked for through the house and grounds, and her body finally found in the cistern, into which she had fallen.

LETTERS from Spain state that there are symptoms that the present government feels that its lease of power is near its end. The Queen has entered upon a negotiation for the sale of her landed estates, and has, moreover, sent the greater part of her jewels and personal valuables into France.

IT has been decided to dedicate the statue of Mr. Everett, by Story, on the 17th of September next. The bust of Mr. Everett in marble, by Thos. Ball, for the Public Library of Boston, has arrived in that city, and will be assigned a place within a few weeks.

DURING a recent thunderstorm in Norwich, the lightning struck a dwelling-house and killed one of the inmates, a boy fifteen years old; and a young lady sixteen years old was killed in the same way and on the same day in East Glastenbury, Conn.

A MARRIED lady in Portland recently fell so violently in love with a young man of irreproachable principles, that her husband took pity on the poor fellow and gave him a thousand dollars to leave that city and settle for life in some distant place.

MRS. VAN HAGAN, the wife of a merchant of Mobile, was poisoned on Sunday of last week, by the mistake of an apothecary, and died instantly. He had prepared a prescription for her, with prussic acid as an ingredient, instead of tartaric acid.

A CURRIER in Philadelphia having from time to time lost valuable skins, at last set a detective to catch the thief, and to his grief found that it was his own son—a young man of twenty-three—whom he had not seen for nearly three years.

AT Neenah and Menasha, Wis., one day last week, the numerous mills and manufactories were compelled to stop work in consequence of the races being filled and wheels clogged with fish from Lake Winnebago.

IT is said that a barrel of flour can be purchased in Paris, sent to Liverpool by rail and steamer, and thence transported in a sailing vessel to New York, at less expense than it can be purchased in this city.

DURING the year 1866 there were five hundred more marriages in Connecticut than in any former year.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. II.

ON THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

BY REV. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

In a country like ours, which lives on hope rather than on memory, which is prone to look to history, as if it furnished no rules nor precedents for our new experience, which regards the age of the past as the child, and the man of the future as destined to be the lasting representative of the human family, it is natural that the study of the classics should be held by many to be useless, and hardly worthy to form a part of the American system of education. On the other hand, some go to the opposite extreme from those which to the prevailing tendency among the practical, and maintain that no education is worth the name, the study of which does not consist of the ancient classics. To steer between these parties, each of which holds but half the truth, will be our aim in our present remarks on classical studies. We set out in believing that an education founded on them alone would be the farthest from what we want, that an education, into which they do not enter, may be in some respects the best, and that it is possible in that way have some peculiar advantages in training the mind, to make it available, in forming the judgment, from the past into lasting with those from the present, and that it is not easy to find a substitute for them, nor to discard them without disaster to our discipline and our cultivation.

There are studies which have a worth for their own sakes, or to express the same thing in its highest form, because they reveal to us the thought of God. There are other studies in which truth or fall thinking and all acquisition, but which are rather instrumental than ends. It would be to great loss for the growth up man to forget Algebra and Analytics, which they may have been most important means of faithfully him into his present intellectual shape. He could not have become the man he is without their help. To this second class of things philology or the study for language. In this we be a means, although not the only means without worth for what it contains in itself. Our own classes of studies include a portion in one another something like that of fixed capital in a dwelling, in which a considerable part would be cannot produce circulating capital so that some advantage, is also. A fixed capital is not a means, yet no one finds fault with it because it is not productive in the same manner as circulating capital. It is more productive in its first.

The first point which asks for our consideration, when we look to classical studies, is their beginning in training the intellect. To illustrate facts, let us first look at the study of language in general, to see what the language studied may be. Here the materials are the words and work upon are words themselves. The subject of thought, alone or in combinations, and under forms and changes of it, what we call grammar. Grammar, as it used to be taught, was a dull and deadening study; a picking of chips and a putting of them into the basket of the mind; but as it is beginning to be taught it reveals to us a power of language-making now extinct, which joined little words in order to express with precision for ideas, and out of their union created a vocabulary capable of almost boundless expansion. In our modern tongues which are invisible laws and fail to be noticed, because does not appear; but the classical tongues are master to the period of formation and we see evident marks of the original plan. Thus, again, in these languages the inflections or the flexions which the moderns have lost, are connected with a great refined system, the study of which is of high use to the logical faculty.

For the acquisition of language it serves as experiment of thought, we notice first the single words and their relations with life, and as part of life animate and like the material world, through a series of transitions, from the simplest forms to the power of abstraction, magic and other causes, have constituted. The study of words as a part of grammar is not preparatory for the other and main thing to be noticed, for sentences and groups, entire works. Here the main thing for the individual is to enter into the thoughts of his fellow-men through the past ages, to place himself what the wisest and most gifted of the race have collected and placed within his reach. The process by which this is done we call interpretation, and the study of the classics consists of endeavors to ascertain their meaning. Now we claim that this study, though important in its own reward, and would greatly strengthen the mind if there were nothing of value in the style, nothing of value in the thinking of the sentiment. The art of interpretation is one which calls forth various faculties of the human mind. The lawyer in his profession expresses certain points of law in but an interpreter; the theologian has to use other words in order to express the meaning of Scripture. The exercise of our powers which we find of our own language is comparatively small; the task is far greater when we attempt to understand a writer of other times, of old ways of thinking, of other languages, of other associations.

In our schools we expand an ancient document, the judgment or conscience of another man, the work of many minds must be brought into harmony and rational connection with our own and with this kind. A sentence must have a relation to another sentence such as our reason approves. We advance in larger divisions, comprehending as we go, until the idea of a whole work is before our minds. In all this we are constantly doing wrong, we learn by our mistakes, and the training pays for itself in spite of all these errors. There is thus a continual activity of the logical faculty called into play by the study of words especially if that language differs considerably from our own.

Concerning this discipline we have several remarks to make. *First*, it is eminently a practical discipline, since it consists in rapidly estimating the probability that this and that word have this and that sense, that such a clause stands so related to such another clause, and one sentence continues and harmonizes with the meaning of another. Those logical processes are the same in kind with those of the lawyer and the preacher. Hence the inference is a direct one that such a training is eminently adapted to be a preparation for these learned professions. And the same remark will hold good in regard to the study of the moral and political sciences.

In the second place, this discipline is fitted to make logical writers and thinkers. We do not say that it is well form good writers and thinkers as a matter of course, for the mind of the intellectual may be entirely merely, or with hard, or dull. But what we mean to say is that the habits grow out of philological training will naturally lead a man to avoid ambiguities, to be consecutive, and to aim at the highest degree of art in his style.

Thirdly, as in the interpretation of written documents we learn in all the probabilities of life the study of language is of great value. It promotes the practical habit of a rapid judgment on probable evidence, of which we have already spoken. We think, moreover, that the author of "Ecce Deus" speaks the truth when he refers to a "subordination of high intellectual culture upon the discussion of general principles of politics and literary life," but this, we say, he "who has been thoroughly drilled in ancient literature will, other things being equal, be better able to discuss subjects of common interest, to follow their bearings and estimate the consequences than the unlettered man; not that there is any very direct connection between philology and politics, but because of the more intellectual habits and discipline of the self-mastery which such drill necessitates."

Fourthly, we have the corrective of a one-sided tendency of mathematical study. That study is also a discipline of the judgment, but it has to do with demonstrative evidence only, it will, by its principles, lead to the perfect which is not liable to be controlled by probabilities, but mathematical truth is not the truth of human affairs. The tendency to scepticism and unpractical habits of mind which sometimes accompany it, and its excellent effects in training the mind, is apt to show their bearings and influence in

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

BY ALICE CARY.

The fields with flowers a-blowing,
They all beloni us to—
Our Father gives them in sight;
Each, my friends, is our going
To the glorious life on high!

We are versed with wars and warring—
Our Father's will be done!
But there sounds a still entreaty—
For O, my friends, we are trusting
The life of eternal peace!

Our restless drops astonish—
Our two pinions ride the winds—
In our down the darkness shocks!
But O, my friends, there is silence
In the azure sea made with hosts!

We know no full acquaintance,
In the sky of the day most clear
Some shadow is ever to appear;
But O, my friends, there is overcome
In the days of the coming year.

The winds are tossing and blowing—
The frost on our heads is white—
We are drawing near to the night;
But O, my friends, we are going
To the morning land of light!

In spite of the fast possession
Our thoughts they flutter and flee,
Like wild birds out to roam—
For we long to know the fashion
Of the life that is to be.

Our golden gains we are losing,
Our hopes are dim with fear,
But O, my friends, we trust
What seems to be not or what
Where there is no such nor rust.

Our life is a three-fold story
That charms no longer inside;
But O, my friends, my friends,
We are coming cause to the glory
That never fades nor ends.

We stand of our strength forsaken,
And sins make our souls to ail,
But O, my friends, we are trusting
That of His sent we shall waken,
To a life of immortal youth.

The Master brings rough weather,
And tells we fall and the grave
We go, and we never come;
But O, my friends, we meet after
Together in Heaven—our home.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORICALS, THE MAN-EATER," "SELF-RAISED," "THE HIDDEN PATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

A MESSENGER.

The boy stood in the doorway, weight:
His country's unmistakable dialect
Told of his birthplace.—Byron.

In the sunshine of affection and happiness Dorothy Dreadnik beautiful and blooming. She loved her truant Alexander as faithfully as ever, but she loved him in hope and trust, and not in fear and sorrow. She felt that he was well enough, strong enough and strong enough to take care of himself, even when out of her sight, while before, when he was ill and helpless, a gift of the Heavenly Father to her, a soft little creature whose helplessness enfolded her tenderness, whose innocence deserved it, and whose love well repaid it all.

Her baby grace was here for love, and she very rarely left it, except when Mrs. Lyon, or one of them, made her come to drive. Then all the little nonsense and petulance, how could she possibly have? Good Alexander and his darlings while her little boy lay smiling in her eyes!

Baby Ilya will teach him to be good, Dorothy would say, "I put my darling in charge of him, and when you grow up to be a man you will love me all the more because I shall be old and feeble." And her thoughts involuntarily reverted to the days when she had been troubled in her health and beauty, but turned coldly away from her when she was sick and pale, and most heedful of his love and care.

Anna, while sitting with her, laughed merrily.

Drusilla looked up, with just a shadow of annoyance on her fair face. And Anna answered her look:

"My dear, I laughed at what you said."

"Well, but I don't see why. I know my darling said always love me, and when he grows up to be a tall, strong man, he will be an old and infirm woman, he will love me more tenderly than before, because of age and infirm," persisted the fond mother, stooping her lips to her boy's brow.

Anna laughed louder than ever.

"Why, Drusilla, my dear, you are but six-teen years old. When your son is grown up, you will be only a young woman, in the very maturity of a beauty which will then be at its zenith, and you will be the most cherished and admired of all. You have lost some-what of the wifely happiness, you will have an unusual share of the motherly. You are but a child so young, such a mere child yourself, that you have only had the care of the hand with the prospect of going nearly the whole journey of life together. You will be a happier for his childish sports; his fellow-student in his fourth studies, and companion in his youthful travels. You will go on in life and grow old together—or rather grow young."

"Oh, so we will. I did not think of it before. I was thinking that the mother's grown son must be quite an aged lady. Alick's mother was quite aged and infirm."

"You because she was forty-four years old when Alick was born, which makes some difference, you know," laughed Anna.

The two women talked while, and then Anna said:

"You will have much joy in your son, if the Lord should spare him to you, Drusilla.

"The Lord has spared him to me. I feel condemned at it," answered the young mother reverently.

"And every year—may, every month—you will will increase your joy. Your husband is a handsome devotion, he will grow more and more interesting and attractive to you."

"It seems to me that he could scarcely ever be more interesting to me than he is now!" Lord, and I thank Thee!" Dorothy said in her mute, faint efforts to express the love in her life, but she was not satisfied. "Death to the terms used." He knows that, at least; and see how his little cheek flushes at my caress and then drop; and see the smile dawning in his eyes, and hearing sounds in his lips, all "unutterable of itself!" Will you tell me, at what time of a child's existence it is sweeter and lovelier than now in his fine budding into life?"

Before Anna could answer the question, the door was opened by mammy, who chirpingly announced:

"Here is Leo, from Cedarwood, ma'am, bringing letters for you."

And she closed the door, leaving Leo standing with his unfinished mittens.

It is my footman from my old home, dear," explained Drusilla.

Leo, turning to the messenger, she held out her hand and said:

"How do you do, Leo? You have letters for me?"

Leo took a packet from his pocket, handed them over to his mistress, and then, his stupid silence to the grand-daughter, as if for an explanation.

Seeing Drusilla hesitate, Anna answered for her:

"Yes, sir, they will—I mean Mr. Alexander Lyon will read them to you."

The General now looked from his grandson to Anna, and then, as if demanding confirmation, to Drusilla.

Dorothy admitted Drusilla, casting down her eyes, looked for him, but in the next moment; "he has sold Cedarwood, but then, you know, my dear, that I had left the home."

A flash of shame crimsoned the cheek, a frown of severity darkened the brow of the veteran soldier.

"Did that man calls himself a Lyon and my nephew! I am glad now they never called him Leonard! There never was a rascally Leonard Lyon yet! And I am very glad, my dear, that you will not bear my uncle's name, Alexander! The hideous—"

Dorothy raised her hand with an imploring and deprecating gesture.

"Uncle, my dear, I will try not to offend again. It is true that an old soldier has a right to several of his forgiveness' sakes, but not in the presence of ladies, I confess. He let the woman—I mean Alice—go. You let him go, and Ilya go with him, especially as, seeing the General was not at all angry, he could very well be his solid Cedarwood, for it settles the question of our residence in this part of the city."

"And I am glad to stay here," answered Drusilla, with a smile. "It is true that although it my duty to go back to Cedarwood, and await there my husband's coming, and I should have risked everything and gone there, if he had not come to me, I am glad that I should have had to wait long months or years for his coming, and that I have been spared the loss of dowry, and have been taken care of by my husband's friends. Oh, upon the whole, I cannot be sorry that I have been spared the duty of going back to Cedarwood to live and to die."

"That's my girl! Sorry? no, I should think you would not be. What should you do with Cedarwood, frumpery my cottage, with its little bits of rooms—and—and—you? You are half a fluff and its magnificent surroundings of forests and mountains and lakes, and having wed Anna and Dick I exclaimed the old man, laughing out his favorite oath.

She took it and pressed it to her lips, and then looked up.

"Yet I loved the pretty little wild-wood home; and now that I will be by him, even if I have to pay price or three he value."

Drusilla looked at Anna, and seemed to hear the discarded wife and dependant woman talk so gravely of leaving another's home, when even as Anna had looked at hearing heard her speak of the possibility of leaving her own beautiful cottage. Yet both were pleased, for they said to themselves: "Time proves that she has the fullest confidence in us, and knows that we will never let her feel a want, a humiliation or an unpleasant want, unsupplied." And the general thought:

"That is right, my dear girl. So you shall buy it back—and—and—I will be your agent or seller so we can bring the present proprietor to terms. I will write to-morrow to my lawyers, and things can be settled at once. But how—how, since you are fond of that little bird-cage, I will act for you in Washington, and you shall have it for a New Year's gift; and then if you don't see the place scrubbed, why we will go and see there instead of at a hotel, when you are in Washington."

"Oh, how kind, how good you are to me," breathed Drusilla, in a soft and low voice, and deep emotion; "but, dear sir, do not think that I am going to be ungrateful to you, for I say that I do not wish this as a gift from you nevertheless, thank. Dear uncle, I am grateful to afford myself the pleasure of possessing my very cottage."

"Ah! he has provided handsomely for you, after all! Cute! his villainy is a shade less black—I beg your pardon, my child! I won't again! Indeed I won't!—I mean his—romance has a shade lighter than I supposed it. Well, I am glad, for his sake, that he has provided for you. But, Drusilla, my child, I would not take his money! having decided you his love and protection, I would take nothing else from him."

"Dear uncle, although I do not need anything from Alick except his love, you shall be safer satisfied, I would gracefully receive it, hoping that his love would follow. But you are generous—he has made no provision for me."

"And did you think, my dear, that I was offering Cedarwood as my gift and saying that you should be grateful to me for it?"

"I have a large fortune in my own right, dear sir."

"A fortune in your own right!" echoed Anna, in astonishment.

"You never mentioned this circumstance before, my dear," said the general, in surprise and incredibly.

"Indeed, I had utterly forgotten it until my servant arrived with these letters from my solicitors. It was very stupid of me to forget it; but, dear sir, only think how many more important matters there were to drive it out of my head," replied Drusilla, deprecatingly.

"For my part, I do not think that anything can be more important to you, to prevent circumstances like the disinheritance of a large fortune. It is an inheritance, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir, from my grandfather, a merchant of San Francisco."

"And how large is the fortune?"

"I do not know, sir—some millions, I think. Here are the lawyer's letters. I have not looked at them yet," said Drusilla, pushing the documents of the packet from her as she spoke.

"Astounding indifference!" he murmured to himself as he put on his spectacles and opened the letters.

Drusilla and Anna watched him attentively.

"Why, my dear child, you are a millionaire! You are probably the wealthiest woman in America!" exclaimed the General, astonished.

"Oh, no, sir, not quite so much as that," said the girl, with the utmost simplicity, and without the slightest appreciation and gazing at Drusilla.

"I am quite sure, sir. There were not for me to afford room for confusion. In my grandfather's possession at the time of the death of the family left—himself and his only brother, Alick's grandfather. My grandfather being a merchant, lived and died a bachelor. My grandfather died. What should I do with it? My own father, who, in his turn, also married, and had only child—myself. You see half a million is not enough is the line of dreams!"

"Why, my dear child, reflectively; "but, my dear, it is not sufficient for a set of facts to be known to everybody, they must be capable of being proved to the satisfaction of a court of law, or with these births, marriages, and deaths be proved, Drusilla?"

"I am sure, sir, there are so few of them—they have occurred within so short a time, comparatively speaking?"

"In what manner, my dear? Remember, Drusilla, that what might confirm you as to be a fact might not have the same effect upon a court."

"All that I have said, dear sir, can be established by the evidence of the most respectable court that ever existed, by church registers, papers, letters, and personal friends."

"Ah, my dear, I wish that you knew where all these proofs are to be found!"

"I do, sir. Many of them, bibles, letters, documents, and so forth, are in my possession. All the others are to be found in Baltimore."

"Why, you have portraits of your inheritance lies, and where your lawyers live?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes; well, my dear, if all this is as you suppose it to be—and I have no doubt that it is—your way to fortune is clear enough! Let me congratulate you, my dear, on being, perhaps, the richest woman in America!" said the General, shaking her hands warmly.

Anna also heartily wished her own congratulations.

"And now, my child," said the General, kindly, "let us attend to this business of yours. Your lawyers are naturally displeased and suspicious at your long delay. As you are a resident of a business woman, you will let me take these letters to my office and answer them for you."

"Oh, if you would be so kind, dear sir, I should be so happy."

CHAPTER LIII.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is money.
And in this world evil give themselves.
Shakespeare.

So General Lyon answered the lawyers' letters, and in a more satisfactory manner, it is to be presumed, than Drusilla had ever done. His illustrious name and exalted position were in themselves enough to dispel any doubts that the mysterious reticence of the heiress might have raised in the minds of her solicitors. Having sent his letter off to the post-office, and knowing that several days must elapse before he could hear from the solicitors again, he did not trouble himself about the matter in the mind, and addressed himself to the enjoyment of the time he was spending now at home.

Dick arrived from Richmond on Christmas Eve, having to change several large boxes containing the Christmas presents.

Among them were Mrs. Smith, the presentsaker and the hobby-horse, which were all deposited in the parlor, which was room selected and fitted up by Anna, as the future play-room of little Master Leonard Lyon.

Anna's and Drusilla's presents consisted of rich and costly furs and velvets from the General; and splendid jewels and delicate laces from Dick.

The veteran's gifts were a pair of soft, embroidered velvet slippers and smoking cap, from Anna; a warm, quilted dressing-gown from Drusilla; and a new, magnificent meerschaum, of equalled impunity, comfort, and convenience, from Dick.

Dick's presents were a bowling piece of the most superior workmanship, from his uncle; an embroidered cigar case from his betrothed; and a smoking cap from Drusilla.

Soldier Brown, each male and female servant in the house was made happy in the possession of a new and complete Sunday suit.

After the distribution of the presents on Christmas morning the family went to church.

At the end of the service they returned in an early dinner, and spent the afternoon and evening in social chat.

As usual in the Christmas holidays, General Lyon gave a large party, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances for thirty miles around.

And all this party he formally introduced Drusilla as:

"My niece, Mrs. Alexander Lyon."

And this he did with such emphasis, regret, as in most cases to express all expression of surprise from those who could not fail to make at such an introduction. And if any had the temerity to offer such an exhibitions, they were courteously silenced by the answer of the elderly gentleman:

"Old people cannot and ought not to be blamed for young ones in affairs of the heart. I had hoped that my nephew and my grand-daughter would have married each other, for my sake; but I was wrong. They have each chosen partners for their own sakes; and they were right. Come here, Dick." He and beckon, as he present to you Mr. Richard Hammond as my future and well-beloved grand-son-in-law."

After that wint could the gossips say or do? Some things had been said now, touching cousin-granddaughter; though some among them, being married people themselves, and carrying the spirit of Old Lyon Hall her beauty and her wealth, did not fail to be considerate and make their guesses as they whispered together: That it was very strange that Alick Lyon should have left so much frequently and she herself at last passed so carelessly by such a prize. Others thought that if Alick he looked but too likely she would be an old maid. Others that she was waiting for Alick. Of course they were!

The one false and spiteful conclusion that, as the beautiful Anna was not yet twenty-three years old.

Some even had the ill-luck to inquire of the General, or of Anna, or Dick:

"Where is Mr. Alexander Lyon now?"

Which question always made the speaker feel:

In Washington, attending to the sale of some real estate there."

And the conversation would be quickly turned.

Drusilla, in her gay, girlish, innocent costume, laughed or directly asked, and which her husband's absence was always explained, and excused, and which he had been detained, settled at once, the party passed off as pleasantly as any of its predecessors had done.

On this occasion at least there was no failure or want of the weather. There were no sleet or a sheer star-light winter night to invite people to stay.

Nor was there any tampering with the lamps and the wicks, and no room in the house where a naive brilliantly lighted and warmed saloon to receive the people in.

The music was inspiring; the dancing was the best; the supper excellent. The festivities were kept up all night.

And all enjoyed the party!

Of course she did. Why not? She could dance, but she could not be a flirt. However, she was experiencing a delightful reaction from the cares and depression of her life, in young and beautiful, and formed to give and receive pleasure and those feelings naturally. In a rich white moire antique dress, delicately trimmed with lace, and with her pearls, she looked exquisitely pretty. To please her Drusilla wore a little bright flower herself, and, content with General Lyon, who led her to the head of the room, and with Anna and Dick, who joined afterwards with any others whom her uncle introduced to her, and all who spoke to her, acquaintance were charmed with the beauty and unaffected grace of the young hostess.

A refreshing breakfast was served at seven o'clock, after which the guests, in their carriages, took leave and departed by the light of the rising sun.

And the new year, commenced auspiciously for her faithful services and lauded with honors her master's grandchild, and the joy of the family and of her fellow-servants and left Old Lyon Hall to return to her own home and her own cabin.

She was attended by Leo, who was commissioned to bring down Pina and the birds; the latter to remain with Anna, and the former in perfect content, the brother and sister were separated no longer than a week at a time.

"I have brought up my children respectable; which is the highest praise a servant can have, and likewise to have been engaged in service with such respectable, considerate families, which none can be more so than the Lyncons of Old Lyon Hall," said Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, which has heard of them ever since I was born, in a summary, on parting with good-by, Harry. "And I hopes, ma'am," she added, "if you ever wants to return to Cedarwood, you will make no free for my sake as to correct them; for I shall be pleased the young madam, is both too gentle-hearted for to do; but given them the best of care and love."

Many gave a promise to have an eye upon the old place, and a promise she was too likely to keep.

The company departed, well pleased.

The very day she left, the wagons from Washington City, containing the handsome effects of Drusilla Cedarwood, which had been dragged from her home. And all these were very carefully unpacked, so as to enable an injury the recipience of the rooms over which they were brought.

There was first a whole wagon load of boxes

filled with the rich and costly wearing apparel with which he had overwhelmed her in the days of his devotion.

Then there was another load composed of her mamma's work-table, sewing chair, and footstool; her enamelled writing-desk, work-box and dressing-case; her favorite sleepy harbor of a resting chair; and other items too numerous to mention.

The third load comprised her numerous bird-cages piano, her harp and her guitar.

It took two days to transport all these things from Saxbourg to Old Lyon Hall, and it took a more days to unpack and arrange them all in Drusilla's apartments.

The fond and faithful young wife contemplated these dear familiar objects, as they were restored to her, with pleasure, regret and hope. Each item was associated with some sweet memory of her own home and her love. But even now she did not weep; she smiled as she welcomed to her new home.

"We have not known it, but he loves me still; and some day he will come and tell me so. I can wait for that bright day, Alice, my child, when I shall place my lips in your arms and tell you how in the darkest hours I never ceased to love you and never doubted your love?"

She was shocked for a little while, and then once more she murmured to herself in her beautiful reverie:

"For what would love be if darkness could quench its light, or wrong destroy its life?"

As if this devoted young wife ever does suffer even in wrongs and in the darkest hours of the absence of her husband, she will do it through the power of her love and faith alone.

Before the week was out Drusilla had another bereavement in the arrival of Lord Ida's son and heir.

She received them all with gladness.

"Oh, ma'am," exclaimed Phia, "but it does my very heart good to see you looking so happy and brightened! and I'm just dying to see pretty Master Leonard! And I am to be his nurse, am I, ma'am? and how is he dear little darling pet! And, oh, I will be glad to see you looking so well and so happy!"

"I am very happy to see you also, Phia," said Drusilla, when the girl had stopped for want of breath. "Is Inga too left your service?"

"Oh, as soon as possible, ma'am! I would not stay with that cross old thing, no, not if I was engaged to Bobby Bolton! Bobby is coachman to the Duke, and is the finest lady as ever she saw outside of a hundred and fifty miles, and he has had the honor of—of—"

Phia ceased for want of words or breath.

"Of first introducing to their lordships and relations," added Drusilla, laughingly, "the duke and the girl's relict."

"Yes, ma'am, that is the way to put it," said Phia, approvingly. "But please, ma'am, may I see little Master Leonard?" she added, eagerly.

"Go with Mary first, Phia. She will show you the room where you are to sleep, and then you can take the nursery. Wash your face and hands, and change your travelling dress for a clean one, and then come to my chamber, which is on the other side of the nursery, and I will show you my baby."

"Thank you, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. I am a perfect show for dust and dirt, I know, and it is no small to go night and day with the Duke's Fairy, cantering, and then following Matty from the riding parlor, where she has been at work, to Alice place."

And Ann Drusilla's surroundings at Old Lyon Hall were soon arranged to her perfect satisfaction.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAUGHT IN A TUNNEL.

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. BURKE.

Wishing to be present at the wedding of a cousin in Albany a few days ago, I took my seat in an evening Hudson River Railroad train. While looking through the window at the crowd of hurrying passengers, I was suddenly touched and heard the pleasant voice of my friend Captain ——. As there is an ordinary reserve connected with the incident I am about to relate, perhaps he might like his name not to appear; but should you visit West Point and become one of the artillery officers' wives, nobody likes and who is one of the most agreeable companions in the world, you may be sure to hear the same adventure, and he will describe it to you better than I can.

The conversation of my friend corrected the restlessness of the journey into active interest, and before we had suggested ourselves at Peekskill, we were surprised at the sheriff of the county announcing the station, "Garrison's."

"Do you not live here, Mr. West Point?" I inquired.

The captain, as he replied, "I am going to Hudson to dine with Algie."

Remembering our passing Garrison's, the train steamed through the long tunnel which runs under the Highlands at that point. My friend was silent for several minutes after, when, turning to me, he said, "Have you ever had cold, chilly when I go through that tunnel?"

"For what reason?" I asked.

"I say caught, is it not right?" said the Captain, "and I think I never so narrowly escaped death as on that occasion."

I begged him to relate the particulars, and he originally described the occurrence as follows:

"You have lived long enough in Cold Spring," said the Captain, "to know the great parties and dinners of Mr. —— are exceedingly delightful. Well, on one occasion I was present at one of these Saturday evening re-unions, and there was such an unusual amount of agreeable society there flow by with double the ordinary rapidity. General Hall had taken his seat at the whist table, and having been beaten, he could not bear to shake the game until he had had his 'revenge.' A group of West Point Professors waited on the players and chatted among each other, myself because so absorbed in watching the game that, when I at last remembered that I had agreed to meet Livingston at the depot and go with him to Garrison's, I found on looking at my watch that I had but seven minutes to get to the train. I made my adieus hastily, but walked rapidly to the station, but arrived too late. The train had gone.

"The night was delightful, the stars were brilliant and the moon was nearly full. I felt unusually well, and being an excellent walker, I at once resolved to walk to Garrison's. As the distance was about three miles only, and I had no arrival commands waited on myself, I started. I like refined. I examined my time table, and saw that the next train was due at Garrison's at 11, and so, at that time, knew it had been that hour by my watch.

"After getting my way over the long flight of piles, and tearing my powers of walking a little over the down-hill road, I reached the end of the tunnel. It looked darker and more forbidding than I expected, and for a few moments before I resolved to go through it. I had not gone far when I was in perfect darkness. Knowing that the train run on the right hand track, I took the one on the left, in order that I might not be overtaken in rear, and could see the engine light if approaching me in front, as soon as possible. I had reached about the middle of the tunnel, when I heard the distant rumbling of a train. I listened attentively, and felt satisfied that the cars were coming from the direction of Cold Spring. Therefore continued on the track I had taken. Presently the sound of the engine whistle reverberated in the dismal passage, and I was startled with the singular effect, for at one instant I was sure it came from the north, while a second sound seemed to come from the opposite direction. In fact I soon became certain as to the way the train would approach, and I saw the engine reached home. I was safe. In a very few moments I saw the bright light of the locomotive emerging round the curve near the northerly mouth, and I felt certain, by the train was on the other track. But the cheerfully noise of the rapidly moving cars was enough to relieve my fears and heart.

"While watching the passing train, I suddenly became aware of another train entering the tunnel from the opposite direction. At first it seemed impossible. Both tracks were occupied, and I knew if I lay down upon the middle of the track, the "cow-catcher" would inevitably toss me in alarm. I thought of running round outside of the track, and sprang across the rail for that purpose, but was driven back by one of the engine light came rushing towards me, I found there was no room. Why my wife did not detect me has always been a wonder, for I felt that I had but a second or two more to live, and would be killed in a most horrible manner; but a merciful Providence interposed, and I saw an unusually large cavity in the wall, caused by the projection of a rock, and with the quickness of thought, I sprang into it, and pressed my back against the rock. The engine passed me with a noise that the wind caused by their motion blew off my hat, and it had been an inch or two more wider than the rest rubbed my clothing, as I afterwards found to my horror. They passed, and the Captain, placing his hand, which was cold as ice, upon my forehead, said, "I did not know the agony of those moments. The sensation of relief at escape, and the thought of some one a little wider than the rest should drag me from the hollow where I stood, and cause the bewildering, rushing, crushing sensation of death, overpowered me, and I was incensed to take to pass by, groped my way back to the entrance, and then pass through that tunnel, though I should be obliged to remain a month, and a prayer of thankfulness to Providence for my preservation from a horrible destruction.

The Captain was silent for several minutes, and I did not wish to disturb him for I was deeply impressed by his story.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE HERON," "WANTED YOUR," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Inez Logan was left alone, she sat down with her head resting upon her hands, and gave herself to several mental shock. She tried to recall every word that had been spoken during the last hour, and also remembered the passionate and excited manner of the girl, she could not detect that for herself she had spoken the truth—spoken from the heart—spoken with that force which only sincerity and shrewd within may have.

Inez Logan was a girl who had been forgiven nature's gifts on a fixation with an ambition to be a girl while in college, from which nothing but her own misconduct could have driven her. She felt as if it would be impossible to pardon him for the deception he had put upon her in the engagement to another. He must have been infatuated indeed to that case, to so wound her love as though it were the most precious of earth's possessions to him.

Mr. Logan continued to sleep heavily for many hours and after considering herself still, decidedly to undergrade the task she meditated, she left the room, went upstairs, and, with a trembling hand, sat down to reply to Fenton's last letter.

It lay upon her portfolio, and she took it up with a feeling of relief that she could now dismiss again the tender and passionate outpouring of his heart, and not be compelled to listen longer to the affection she had bestowed on him. Her pen was cutting hurriedly over the sheet of paper when it which he urged on her the necessity of her immediate marriage with him, and told her what she was to do for her in the event of their marriage not taking place.

"Oh, how could I have been so blind, so unreasoning?" she exclaimed, as she read over the prospect of wealth before me, he would have been content to become his wife, if he had he seemed so earnest—so truly attached to me, that I could have forgiven him for the secret existence of his want of faith. I will not conceal from you that I was the dupe of a man who come the confirmation of what has been told me by my friends, and who has proved himself unworthy of my love.

"Do not suppose that I am going to write to you in the words of a rejected lover. I am not. I know you better. Never again will I listen to a word from you, or look upon your handwriting. I will not give those sacrifices to be ashamed I will gladly believe you are dead.

"Farewell forever. I hope you will be happy with me to triumph enough to find you there, as you have found me, and to forget that you have ever known

"INEZ."

Having accomplished this painful task, she gathered together the precious memorials of Fenton's affection, which she had received from him, and given her, and a lock of his soft, lustrous hair, which she had cut from his head as he lay in death. She then took from her neck a fine gold chain, which she had worn constantly since receiving its substance; but she would not open the locket which hung beneath it, for she knew that on the beloved face lost to sight unaware her for the future, and she would not look upon it to her own suffering. Inez thought with pity of the fair fathers from whom her husband's affections should become known to him.

Then she wrote a letter, breathing attachment for Fenton, and she knew that he indulged the hope that through his own intrigues she and her own life might yet know was soon to come in the shape of a more contrivable union, and that clal intercourse with those from whom he had hitherto been separated.

After bathing her face to remove all trace of her emotion, she went down to her father's room. So fare to order her father's tea dinner, and then to inform him that she was going to bed with a headache, and would not appear at supper.

By this time Dick had returned with the carriage, and was waiting at the door. In a short time, Inez called on the driver to wheel his master's chair to the door. Mr. Logan was so hopeful that the motion would arouse him from his lethargy, that he had failed, and, indeed, in fact, was its effect.

Mr. Logan dreamily opened his eyes, and asked:

"Where are you taking me? Not back to her that I—to—chorus that I came away to get rid of, I hope. If the Hawk is still in the nest, I decline occupying the room at the same time. We are not birds of the same feather, and a battle always takes place when we come together."

"Dear papa," said Inez, from the back of his chair, "my nest has been empty some days. Hereafter, I think, perhaps, it will be best for me to visit her at Newport, in place of her coming to me."

"With all my heart, for I am sure the sight of her cross old face is enough to make my eyes ache. She is no more like your mother than if they were not of the same kind. Some star was fair as a snow-drop, and gentle as a woman should be if she is to be the mother and model to implant in her.

Dick placed his chair opposite the open window through which the evening air was wafted, and Inez seated herself to dine on the table, and summon her handmaiden to serve the delicate repast which had been prepared for her father.

To this Mr. Logan did ample justice, but with much short did Inez there herself to exercise a few morsels when her father noticed her want of appetite. She accounted for that saying that she had taken luncheon with her aunt not very long before, and laughed, and said:

"Her lunch and your dinner. Her hours and yours don't agree any better than her temper and mine. So I missed the tempting meal you prepared, for no doubt you gave the old girl the best that was to be had."

"Yes, I tried to please her; but what was set before her was no better than what to now dined on herself.

"I can easily believe that, for you are an indifferent housekeeper, and will never qualify for a situation as a situation, I must say. But this happened to be a favorite dish of Inga's, and since she fled with the Duke's Fairy she has not been so cooking back to us, and that I myself am fain to eat. I have learned from your aunt that will enable us to live upon a very moderate income, and—"

By this time he seemed to have fallen asleep, and Inez left the room, and went to wait on her father as she had been in the habit of doing for years, and knew the nicety of those moments. The sensation of relief at escape, and the thought of some one a little wider than the rest should drag me from the hollow where I stood, and cause the bewildering, rushing, crushing sensation of death, overpowered me, and I was incensed to take to pass by, groped my way back to the entrance, and then pass through that tunnel, though I should be obliged to remain a month, and a prayer of thankfulness to Providence for my preservation from a horrible destruction.

The Captain was silent for several minutes, and I did not wish to disturb him for I was deeply impressed by his story.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE HERON," "WANTED YOUR," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

often at random, but still playing well enough to interest him greatly.

When the time when they separated for the night, and when Dan kissed him, and left him to the care of Miss Ross, the only comment he made on her style of dress was:

"How can she do it, child. Don't let all this worry about Godfrey peg on your spirits. He will right, he sure of that, my girl."

Dan thought he was pretty much able to believe him, but she agreed not. Worn out as she was, she could not help but toss about restlessly all night, and when she arose in the morning her head was so heavy that she could not straighten. Enough to suspect her strength from home to hear, till she could no longer restrain herself, and was forced to take to her bed, and have a physician called in.

Dr. Mannerhead she had received a severe mental shock from which her nervous system was suffering, and he prescribed sedatives, and recommended perfect quiet of mind and body.

If she first would not soothe and rest in its misery, however passive she might be.

Lewis stuffed and worried over this delay in making the investigation. He was so anxious about, but there was no help for it. Dan was too ill to be moved from her home, and he had the superstitious belief that to her alone must be entrusted the clearing of her husband's document on which her future prosperity depended.

Dan disguished on her aunt a few half illegible lines dictated by her husband from memory, but, but promising to do so as soon as her health permitted.

Mrs. Rawlins approached Dan's mother with a silver waiter in her hand, on which the note of Dan was placed, and with a contrasted love, Mrs. Hawks said:

"What does Dear mean by sending us carnage, on plane of coming in herself? I am not accustomed to disobedience." She had better look to herself, or things may not go so well with her as she could wish."

Mrs. Perkins hastened to explain that Dan was ill in bed, and Mrs. Hawkins, had been with her, and ordered her to remain perfectly quiet.

"Well, well, directly Dan comes to me, I'll be glad. If she's sick, of course, she can't come; but it is natural for her to wish to, should be ill just now. What does she say, Nina? Read the note to me."

"Nina," thought the indignant maid, "another woman to command me. Mrs. Hawks never called her companion by her first name before, but she preferred to assume to be carrying everything before her. If she only knows her daughter as well as I might; but if she don't, oh, Lord! it makes me sick to think of what may happen. I'll not stand it, I'll find some way, for sure, and she can go more with that dreadful old woman than even I can, after all my years of faithful service."

With these reflections she waited until Miss opened the note, glanced over the few lines it contained, and then read them aloud to Mrs. Hawks. The latter sniffed, and, with a disdainful toss of her head, said:

"Dan is a fool to be sick when I want her through yesterday with the dressmaker and milliner, and I'll be bound she has had no care to inquire how I had passed the night, and I say dear, I only wish better that I had not been thinking of suffering, that my niece had gone home to her husband and your property, and everything just the right thing at the right moment."

Mrs. Hawks could not wait for the reply that rose to Nina's lips. She haughtily said:

"There, you have said all I care to hear, and you may go. I will tell people's ears with such things, but you'll find my temper much better than you have ever known me before. Now, Nina, you may go."

"I will not hear with such impertinence from you, Perkins. Understand, that you have become so necessary to me that I will not part from you under any circumstances. Now, this is positively the last word I warn you that I shall at least remain in office to get everything in order. I have not changed companions till I have at last found one to suit me, and I may change my mind a good deal before I determine to change my mind."

"Very well, ma'am, you make the trial if you choose; but when it comes to nursing a woman without any one to care for her, and a nasty that is either capable or willing to understand her, I'll be very much surprised if you don't come to me, and how glad you were to get a reliable person to be always at your call."

While she was speaking, Nina took a pencil from her pocket and hastily scribbled a few words on the back of Lewis' note. She took Mrs. Hawks' pencil and pen, and without presenting the two to her, spoke in a low but distinct tone to the waiting woman.

"You are very injudicious Mrs. Perkins, and such language as you have used to me is subject to anxious to serve. Leave the interests of Miss Rosen to me, both for they are safer there; and pray do nothing to induce your presence to believe that you are anxious for the residence I am supplying over her. It can do no good and may injure your own dismissal. I should regret that, for I should not know what to say a reliable person to be always at your call, besides, as we are both interested in the same cause, it will be well to have a good understanding should exist between us.

Mr. Perkins readily regarded the fair, open face of the speaker, and then blandly asked:

"But, my dear, what is the small cause, Miss Gordon? It seems to me that you are more heroic on account of your illness. I have had good graces than in doing anything for my young lady. I am sure that the day that brought you to our house was a dark one for Miss Nina."

"Ha! Mrs. Perkins, why will you talk so unreasonably? I am not anxious for the success of what you have most nearly at heart that I should wish to see Miss Nina Hawks? I have pledged my word as to the one to be made of my influence with Godfrey should safely you. Leave me to play my own game, and I shall win this one, if I'm forced to let the old hag victor in those we play at cards and backgammon."

The witching of persuasion that dwelt on the lips and in the eyes of Miss Gordon served her turn as often as usual. Against the intentions of her better judgment, Mrs. Perkins was persuaded that Nina was but carrying out their compact, and she more graciously said:

"I'm sorry I spoke so quick like and said what I did about you, Miss Gordon. I hope you mean fair, and somehow I am forced to believe as you when you speak with so much though, at other times, I'm fearful that you are thinking more of yourself than any one else."

"I will tell you the truth, Mrs. Perkins," said Nina, with all the perfect candor, "I intend to have that will secured before we leave Newport, will it to be fair that I shall be handsomely remembered in it; but I pledge you my word that the bulk of Mrs. Hawks' fortune shall go to her niece. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, yes, it does, for a few thousand dollars more or less won't signify where there is so much to be inherited, but there's something for your services."

"Then we understand each other, and you will be more careful how you speak to Mrs. Hawks. She could not afford to part from you on any terms, Mrs. Perkins, for I can do nothing but amuse her, and you are the mainspring of the concern. You must not be forgotten either, I assure you, and you will find your self-love will not be neglected."

Though chafed and irritated at the patronizing tone assumed by Nina, the woman nodded acquiescence, and Mrs. Hawks, with the little time read over what Nina had written and then the note together in her hand, placed her eyeglasses and interrupted the conversation of the maid of the two, by demanding whether Miss Nina stood behind her, and her infirmity prevented her from detecting by her gestures the voices near her.

"Well, child?" she said:

"Mrs Gordon intercedes for you, Perkins, and, in consideration of that I shall overlook what passed here just now. I don't deny that, in many respects you are useful to me, and one you I could find to put in your place, but you had better not forget that you are not the first lady Miss Nina mentioned. It is injudicious, to say the least of it, for one to forget their proper place in or any service to her."

"I beg your pardon, now myself, ma'am, and if you'll excuse me, I'll go to my duties, though I am sorry to leave you to a stranger, and for no one could understand you as well as I do, and that you will find you when you are took with one of your spells."

"You may go for right between us again, and you can bring me my breakfast. Put this note in addition to the door and be ready when I come out."

The orders were administered, and Mrs. Perkins left the room. Nina arranged the pillows for Mrs. Hawks' comfort and she's and arranged them on her head, and then, with a smile of triumph at discovering over it a thick veil under the pretext that the sunlight annoyed her, she left the room, but immediately desired to conceal her features from observation, for she knew that she would be recognized as the companion of Mrs. Hawks, the guests who had met her in the parlor on the day of the chaperonage of Mrs. Rates.

But no person noticed her therefore, for they did not join the gay cavalcade that wound along the fashionable drive at the hour of the parade. At the command of his mistress, Dick dressed off into a livery stable, and Nina, entering, at least obtain a glimpse of the brilliant stream of equipages that passed and repassed, unnoticed.

Mrs. Hawks said in explanation:

"The heat is too much for me on the sea the beach, and I never go there. The carriage drive or close carriage hall is delightful, perhaps not some awkward fellow may look where with me, and I am not accustomed to that. It is hateful to me that accidents do not oftener happen, for the gay world would be thinned in its numbers. It hurts so if they don't care for their own, and I am not accustomed to that."

"I think it is much pleasanter here," replied the young lady, with her soft smile. "Nothing is more charming to me than a drive through a forest, and this shade, with the sighing overhead and the sunshine dancing through the leaves, is delightful. I am sorry that it is at least hear the distant sound of the surf breaking on the beach, for I am very fond of music of the sea-breeze, if we cannot see the ocean."

"I use the ocean, child, as I use most of everything, my dear, and such a spirit in a young person is not natural to me. I shall be sure to see safe away from Perkins. I wish you to have found some more congenial companion that could have spared her so. She seemed well enough when I left her, and was very attentive this morning, and in no danger of an attack of sickness. But come, child, you must read me the note from the Glades, and I thought you might have dropped some of the words in your surprise at the sight of me."

Nina had already looking old letters from in front of the dashing looking old gentleman, and Miss Rose in the second carriage, and Mrs. Hawks to slight and second the flight of some of the words.

The ball was read through, and through the open the carriage, but supposed it was only return to the Glades. Nina's countenance grew to be very before he could speak, Mrs. Hawks exclaimed:

"Just think of such a thing, Nina! I don't know he is only watching an opportunity to get me out of the house, and then he will be off and gone with your brother. Godfrey grow fonder of her. What do you think of this scheme of adopting her, eh, Miss Rose?"

"I think it is too confused to be worthy of anything clearly, sure. But if you wish to adopt the young woman, of course you will let it without reference to what I may think."

"Pooh, pooh," sighed Rose, "out of from mental and physical weakness, she is in error, that she plus her faith to that captivating girl, and I thought she was to remain with you."

"Yes, I have always kept her with me, and will go with him without resistance. I am not going to have Godfrey and his wife estrangements to each other. I am afraid that they take to each other, and I am not sufficiently sure how it always happens that you and I get at variance when in subjection to her."

"If we do, it is not my fault. Call Dick, Nina. Mrs. Hawks, I am sorry to see that you trust Rose out of your own keeping a single hour, for I am afraid that she is not knowing as what moment he may rush back and make an effort to exterminate the darling fellow."

Nina hastened to obey, and Dan Rolsall, looking very dignified, and a little cross, was taken away in the centaur of the driver. When this was accomplished, Mr. Lopez turned to his step-sister, and said:

"You came to inquire after Inez, I suppose. After doing all that was in your power to make her miserable, you have come to see how well you have succeeded. Well, you will have the satisfaction of finding that your work is pretty well done. Inez is completely broken down; she has not been able to sit up to-day, and Mariana says that she has received a severe mental shock from which she may be a long time recovering.

"I declare the person all that has gone before," cried Mrs. Hawks, in a rage, for he had spoken so loudly and distinctly, that she had perfectly understood him. "If anything but a daughter to form a marriage engagement with a man she does not know how to nothing, and when he is found out to be unworthy of her, she is to be pitied, and I am sorry. The man is a wretch, a male thief; a deceiver: I know him well, and he is treating her more than I. The more fool she, I say."

With perfect composure Mr. Lopez replied to this outburst:

"You would a filled with people of that stamp, Mrs. Hawks, as you above all women should know. My daughter does not profess to be a phenomenon of wisdom, but she should have enough to know that the task of a jealous rival is not always worthy of belief."

He faced his father, muttering curses but on Nina, but without any appearance of anger, she said:

"I understand you perfectly, Mr. Lopez, but I shall not be disposed to listen to your words. If your daughter has heard from her lover; if she is ill, I have asserted; if he can prove that I have slandered him, I am willing to beg his pardon. Is that all you have to say?"

"Then, by Heaven! you had little to do, to come here and poison my daughter's mind against us true a gentleman as Inez. I won't have a scene of this nature, and you may be sure as wise as she ought to be, she would not have."

In a resigned tone, Nina replied:

"I am very sorry that you should think me. Fenton has spoken in his own defense. If he has proved what

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

AFTER LONG YEARS OF ABSENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

After long years of absence,
Still the same in my heart,
Still the same in my breast,
With their sunshine that wanished from death all the flowers
That were gathered joy in Humanity's bowers.

Yet thou art the great love-child
Heart of the times,
Gallant still, though the gait
Of the Spirit-ship betrays the years:
—Let the Centipede strike on; though my man-of-war sink.

Yet proud, unappalled, at the murderous beset,
Yes, the thick storm may weaken you,
The tempest tire you,
"I believe in the Providence"
Sent from God!
Still the same in thy heart,
With their sunshine that wanished from death all the flowers
That were gathered joy in Humanity's bowers.

Yet thou art the great love-child
Heart of the times,
Gallant still, though the gait
Of the Spirit-ship betrays the years:
—Let the Centipede strike on; though my man-of-war sink.

Yet proud, unappalled, at the murderous beset,
Yes, the thick storm may weaken you,
The tempest tire you,
"I believe in the Providence"
Sent from God!
And I, my heart, my breast,